

## **Your Mom Adores Me by DeathByShyKid**

**Series:** [Harrington and his Stupid Kids \(One-Shots\) \[5\]](#)

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**Summary:**

Susan Hargrove just adores Steve. When Steve comes by to pick Max up, Susan comes up to him for one of the more pleasant conversations with a Hargrove. She looks happier than she has in a while.

And, of course, Max has something to say about that.

## Your Mom Adores Me

Steve stared with a slowly accelerating heart rate at the house before him. No matter how many times he'd been here or Max reassuring him that Billy wouldn't do anything now, he was never too sure. He'd been told to never go up to the doorstep or else Billy might be provoked and to always stay in his car with the ignition on. Beep the horn twice and Max would be in the passenger's seat in three. That's what he's done for the last six months, no matter how nerve-wracking it was at times.

One. Two.

The loud horn of his car startled the peace and quiet of the neighborhood. Sometimes it made Steve anxious as if the other neighbors were as vicious and bloodthirsty as Billy *fucking* Hargrove. However, no incidents had come up so he continued to blare his horn twice for Max to hurry up. The door opened but it wasn't the redhead that Steve was expecting.

Susan Hargrove.

Steve blinked and straightened in his seat, eyes discreetly watching as the older woman shimmied almost silently over to the car. His heart pounded; he'd never officially met the woman and was kind of startled, if he was going to be honest with himself. He rolled down the window when Susan was closer and kind of peeked out. She smiled down at him with some weird warmth that he neither saw in Max nor Billy. He blinked in surprise.

"Good morning." She quietly spoke, voice so uncanny to the gruffness he'd seen in Max.

"Ah, good morning, Mrs. Hargrove." Steve tried to give her a small smile but was suddenly very anxious.

The redhead chuckled, "Please, it's Susan."

The atmosphere instantly became brighter and Steve graciously smiled, "What can I do for you today?"

"I just wanted to let you know that you are a very kind and generous young man." Susan smiled softly, the warmth of motherhood just shining from her.

Steve blinked in surprise, "Me?"

"Oh, of course." She waved a hand towards him, "Max talks about you all the time. She looks up to you and loves you like a brother. Even if things between Max and Billy haven't always been the easiest, I'm glad she has someone like you in her life."

The brunette lets a small smile crawl on to his lips, eyes peeking at the house, barely getting a glimpse of Max messing around in the living room, "That's really kind of you to say. I'd protect her with my life if anything were to happen."

Susan beamed brightly, "I'm glad. Can you have her home by six tonight? Neil gets weird about Max hanging out with a bunch of boys so late at night."

Steve nodded, "I understand. If we're going to be late, I'll call you beforehand so that you're not worrying."

"Ah, you are too kind." The redhead grinned once more, the world a little brighter, "Makes sure she doesn't get into too much trouble."

"Of course." He let a small chuckle out.

The front door opened, Max running up to the car with unrealistic childish energy. She looked in between her mom and self-appointed-babysitter, "Uh... What's going on? Mom? Steve?"

"Have fun, sweetheart." Susan kissed the top of her daughter's head, getting an annoyed look before waving to Steve and heading back to the house.

Max watched her go before climbing into the passenger's seat and glaring at Steve, "What was *that*?"

"What do you mean?" Steve raised an eyebrow, starting the ignition.

"My mom was *smiling*, like a true *fucking* smile!" The redhead raised

her voice for emphasis.

"Language." He chastised, glancing at her quickly, "And what do you mean by that? So, what if your mom smiles; everyone smiles."

"Steve, you don't understand." She exasperated.

The brunette rolled his eyes, turning left, heading for Lucas' place to pick him up next, "Then help me understand."

Max crossed her arms, "My mom hasn't smiled like *that* in almost four *years*!"

Steve chuckled, grinning towards the road, "Well, I guess your mom just adores me."

"*What?*"

He laughed at her annoyed voice, "Apparently, *you* talk about me all the time at home."

The redhead's cheeks started to turn pink, "I... I do not!"

"That's not what Susan was saying. She was also talking about how you look up to me-"

"Steve, shut up!"

"-and that you love me like-"

"SHUT UP!" Max shouted out, punching his shoulder, red-faced.

"-a brother." Steve turned to Max, the car stopped at a red light, "Your mom is also apparently glad that you have someone like *me* in your life."

Max turned to the window, quiet for a second, "Well... I'm... glad that you're in my life, too."

He grinned, "I know."

"Now, can we *please* change the subject?" She grumbled out.

Steve rolled his eyes, turning on the radio, "Your mom still adores me."

"STEVE!"